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Norwich, Friday, July 1, 1910.

The Circulation of The Bulletin.

The Bulletin has the largest circulation of any paper in Eastern Connecticut and from five to four times larger than that of any in Norwich. It is delivered to over 3,000 of the 4,003 houses in Norwich, and read by ninety-three per cent. of the people. In Windham it is delivered to over 300 houses, in Putnam and Danielson to over 1,100, and in all of these places it is considered the local daily.

Eastern Connecticut has forty-five towns, one hundred and sixty-five postoffice districts, and forty-one rural free delivery routes. The Bulletin is sold in every town and on all of the R. F. D. routes in Eastern Connecticut.

CIRCULATION

1901, AVERAGE	4,412
1905, AVERAGE	5,920
Week ending June 25	7,792

A WORTHY EXAMPLE.

President Taft and his family are doing the honorable thing by the Italian laborer who was accidentally injured by an automobile driven by his son Robert on Monday. The manly conduct of the young man when the unavoidable accident occurred, and his continuous solicitude for the welfare of the injured man ever since, the sending by President Taft of the best physician in Boston to the Beverly hospital to look after the case, and the president's interest in the case and his immediate personal attention to the suffering man on his arrival in Beverly, tell for the kindness and human sympathy which mark nobility of character and obliterate all differences of class or station; and the whole country is impressed by the honorable conduct and democratic spirit displayed by father and son, and rejoice with them in the fact that the injured man exonerates Robert, and that the promise of recovery is assuring.

A man in an automobile under any circumstances has little to fear, but the law violator, the coward and the sneak who leaves his victim to be cared for by others, and who, conscious of their guilt and acrimonious conduct, try to conceal their identity, are in danger of getting all that is due them because they deserve it.

The Taft example is a good example to the automobilists of the country. They are not speaking out of responsibility; trying to shift duty or fearing to commit themselves; but are doing all that can be done for the well-being of the man who was unfortunately injured.

HOW COURTS SHIELD CRIMINALS.

The Boston Transcript shows how the courts of Massachusetts operate to the disadvantage of the people through indefensible delays. It cites a case in point as follows: "On September 3, last year, The Transcript commended a police court in Lynn for imposing a sentence of thirty days in the house of correction on a youth of nineteen convicted of 'trespassing with intent to steal.' It appeared that, with congenial associates, he had raided a pear orchard; when its owner had objected they had pelted him with his own fruit. He, however, persisted in following the bark until he overtook a policeman who arrested his leader. The tree owner then took the trouble to appear in court for the prosecution and thereby assist in securing this exemplary sentence.

That seemed like a distinct triumph. It was secured at a time when in all parts of the Metropolitan district people were complaining of the robbery of their fruit trees. Many a householder asserted that it was useless to plant or care for them, since he could enjoy none of their fruit. Hoodlums deprived him of that privilege at the last moment, and it seemed practically impossible to catch them without his sitting up all night to try to do so. In these circumstances the sentence of the court was marauder would have proved whole some had it meant anything. But what has happened to him? Nearly a year has passed and his case has been 'continued.' He has suffered no penalty whatever, and those who are well informed assert that he never will suffer any. His punishment has consisted in going to the trouble of getting his mother to furnish a \$200 bond for his appearance in the superior court and then in employing an attorney to defend him. In such a case, the sentence imposed by the lower court merely represented an aspiration on the part of the magistrate, without body, substance or effect."

Honest and law-abiding citizens can be robbed and insulted, and then find it impossible to bring to justice the law-defying and robber gangs who infest their premises. Under such circumstances as this the court is promoting rather than checking petty thieving and rowdiness.

Ex-Governor McLean talks like a man who is prepared for a foreign soap. He explains and talks about senators being elected by the people as if that were his main chance, although at present it is impossible.

The first passenger alrship went up for a three hours' excursion, and couldn't come down for ten hours. Sailing in a tempestuous sky is not boy's sport.

The great American public spends 11,000,000 telephone messages annually, to say nothing of the 100,000,000 smaller talks which mark the year.

The husband of the California woman who asks \$75,000 for his alienated affections never knew what his love was worth till now.

The ice cream with two spoons never will go out of favor.

MAKING GOOD.

The news that the postal receipts are increasing, and that the present year promises to nearly wipe out the deficit made last year in this department is most encouraging. A despatch from Washington says that Postmaster General Hitchcock has returned to the secretary of the treasury another million dollars of the amount set apart from the public funds to assist in defraying expenses of the postal service. This makes a total of \$5,000,000 thus returned since January 1. The postmaster general is confident that the financial returns covering the operations of the present fiscal year will show a reduction of more than \$10,000,000 in the total annual deficit, which amounted in 1909 to \$17,500,000. The latest amount returned leaves the deficit in the current fiscal year only \$3,000,000, as compared with \$14,500,000 last year.

With a parcels post within fair limits, the postoffice department could double its revenue and save millions to the people. The country needs a parcels post just twice as much as it needs postal savings banks, and it will yield an immediate revenue instead of adding to the deficit.

SUSTAINING ARBOREAL BEAUTY.
The beauty of many cities is largely due to trees along the streets, and too few are putting in a new tree when they take down an old one.

It is questionable if any city in the country takes better care of its trees than the city of Worcester, which has had a skilful forester in charge for more than a quarter of a century, a man who loves trees and can write reports of them that are as interesting as a popular novel and as edifying as an essay upon art from competent hands.

Both Meriden, Conn., and Providence, R. I., are making a special effort to preserve the beauty of the city by organized effort. It is accepted as a business association's duty in Meriden; but in Providence it is the Evening Bulletin's enterprise, and in both places the sense of the movement is recognized and the invitation to "plant trees" is being spiritedly responded to with liberal contributions and manifest desire to preserve the beauty of the streets, by at least putting in one new tree where two old ones have been taken out.

Trees become obstructions and must be removed. Trees age and decay, and become weak and a menace to property and pedestrians. They must be removed; hence it is a necessity that succeeding generations should keep in touch with this decorative work for the shade and comfort of it as well as for the general beautifying and attractive effect.

AN OPINION OF THE PEOPLE.

The servants of the American people have their opinion of them, and it appears to be of about the same order that the people express of them. Ex-Senator William Mason of Illinois recently called the people "pinheads," a new synonym for dullards. This is not so offensive as many epithets applied to the people, but coming from a United States senator the Newburyport News is prompted to say that if it expresses the general opinion of the senate "the country gives the reason for the lofty contempt which is a national shame shows for the expressed will of the people. The people are pinheads. And the senators are big-heads or swelled-heads, or whatever you may want to call them. The people are children and the national fathers must look out for all their concerns."

"But if this is so, it is not going to be true forever. Unless we are much mistaken, the movement for more direct control of the senate by the people is gaining ground. It will not always do for those who wear the toga to feel that their thought is infallible. The day for saying, 'The people be damned,' is about gone. And no movement will help towards this end more than the awakening of the voters to the fact that the business of the country is their business, and that they can properly demand an accounting of all their officials."

These poor opinions of one another are simply hindrances of progress, and there is nothing in a change of political forms likely to improve the situation. The people will learn to advance the worthy man some time and to let the office hunter stay at home. As positions are at present won, it is not surprising that the winners have little respect for the people.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

He smiles best who smiles last. President Taft is now smiling.

Boost and the town will boost with you—kick and you kick alone!

Happy thought for today: In defeat there is inspiration for success.

Mayor Gaynor of New York sets his face against the tag-day holidays.

The greatest American championship was celebrated on July Fourth, 1776.

Emperor William cannot afford to waste his time, for he gets \$22 a minute.

The political thermometer has been about 100 degrees in the shade ever since the June election.

The aeroplane may yet be the special letter deliverer of the country—it goes a mile a minute.

Texas has a watermelon for every person living under the flag and a surplus of 25,000,000 for itself.

The art of making a distinctive hat for every patron doesn't give the milliner the distinction she merits.

Adams county, Ill., was the first county to get its census report—2,509 behind the report ten years ago.

Looking over the record of the session of congress, the country has no doubt that Taft was on his job.

THE BULLETIN'S DAILY STORY

THE COMING OF LITTLE TOM

The summer day was full of the hazy fragrance of the new-mown grass was everywhere on the breath of the hot June air and floated in to Rachel Everts as she rolled pie crust by the north pantry window. There was the steady burring sound of the mowing machine at work in the lower lot, and the sharp, quick noise of the one-horse reeder shaking out the crop cut yesterday.

Miss Rachel crossed the wide, cool kitchen and stepped out onto the back porch a minute, shading her eyes with a floury hand, as she looked off over the Everts fields and watched the men at work. They were her fields and the haying was her crop. A straight, alert, little woman she was, her calico gown was trim and the gingham apron ample, the soft, gray hair waved back from her forehead and her face was young with a light of love that had never ceased to trust. The neighborhood said Rachel Everts had loved Tom Langdon and that when he went away to seek the fortune of his dreams she had turned firmly from the man who would have wooed her heart, and left it whole for him. If that were so, it was a tale of a score of years ago; and Rachel was now mistress of the farm that had been her father's and none knew certainly what was the fortune Tom Langdon had won nor how he had fared in the winning.

A tiny figure, topped by a huge, white sun-bonnet, came over the path of green by the back porch; so tiny a figure that Miss Rachel, her mind on the haying, did not notice its coming. But the real solution of the puzzle came when she saw the child, a little boy, dressed in a blue suit and made known his wants. "I'm awful thirsty!"

"Land sakes! It's a baby!" ejaculated Miss Rachel. "The small being nodded. 'I'm awful thirsty!' it repeated. Miss Rachel laughed softly as she knelt down and picked up the tiny child by the white sun-bonnet and carried him back from a round, flushed face and the baby brown eyes were very big. White Rachel looked at the little stranger, down in her own rocker and got a glass of water.

"Tom! Baby Tom!" called a man's voice. The little face dimpled, but Rachel knew suddenly grave.

"It's daddy!" he said. The call came again, clear and insistent. "Tom! Baby Tom!"

Miss Rachel put down the glass and went to the door; a man stood irresolute by the gate looking at the house. "I think the child you want is here!" she said, firmly.

Baby Tom clambered down from the cherry tree and came to the door. As he stepped down, Miss Rachel put a hand on the door-jamb, for all the world seemed

very far away, and the only vital thing in it was that man coming up the walk. It was Tom Langdon, older and with a seamed face that told its own tale of privation and pain; he stood looking up at them and a rare smile broke quickly as he spoke: "Just the same Rachel!" he said. "Miss Rachel put her hand on the baby's soft curls."

"Your little boy was thirsty," she said, slowly, and the old sweet smell of the hay seemed to stifle her words. "The little lad, he must have come up from the farm. I came last night to leave Tom with my brother for a spell. His mother is dead," the man spoke dispassionately of the woman.

Little Tom had a hand tight on Miss Rachel's finger. "I want to stay here," he said, decisively.

Rachel Everts knelt down and put her arms around the little lad. Some-thing had stirred in her life, and as if it lay buried beneath the fresh, red earth, a tender, living thing that had burned in her heart and brought the richness of each day that had been since Tom Langdon went away 20 years ago.

"I want to stay here!" repeated little Tom. The baby hands were on Miss Rachel's sweet face, healing the wound, and she spoke caressingly to him before she looked down to the man on the step.

"I should be glad to take your little boy!" It sometimes I shall be lonely."

"Oh! Rachel!" he said, and his hand was on her head. But an instant later she had flung it off and stood angry with the child in her arms.

"If you loved the other woman, love her now before her child!" she cried.

The old, rare smile was on his face, as he looked at Rachel Everts softened before he spoke.

"Don't you understand? I told you it would be nobody but you for all that. I have a daughter, sweetheart, and he died and his wife died, and this is their little lad. He calls me 'daddy.'"

All the color was in Miss Rachel's face now, but she spoke quietly. "Poor little lad!"

"You're going to take us both in, sweetheart? I've got money—"

Rachel interrupted, laughing. "Here comes Mandy after sweetened water," she warned.

Tom Langdon grinned a little. "That fellow Mandy was in our way, wasn't he, sweetheart?" he asked, and little Tom was surprised to see a quick kiss he thought quite naturally was coming to him, go to the pretty lady who held him so close. —Boston Post.

YALE'S FINANCES.

"A friend in need is a friend indeed"—an old saying, but as true as any which ever came from human lips. How much Yale owes to the friendship, loyalty and far-seeing action of Anson Phelps Stokes may never be fully realized, but President Hadley's reference to it is timely and helpfully illuminating.

Five years ago, the president says, the finances of Yale were in a critical state, and an increase of 30 per cent. in the student enrollment had been attended with an increase of but 8 per cent. in available income, making difficult competition with other universities. In the spring of 1905 Anson Phelps Stokes, the secretary, outlined a plan for \$5,000,000 additional endowment, and that plan, which seemed chimerical at the time, has been substantially carried out.

Out of the contributions, advances for income and for realty buying of nearly \$1,000,000 have been extinguished, not including advances for dormitories, which have been regarded as productive investment. Unproductive realty has been reduced from \$300,000 to \$200,000, salary payments increased by 20 per cent., and the available income for the library raised from \$40,000 to \$70,000.

This is a splendid record of financial progress and success. It proves what one forceful man can accomplish when he can set the pace and has the confidence of all who know him.

Always making progress—that is the history of Yale during the administration of President Hadley, and to that unostentatious, always resourceful, always effectively progressive worker, the secretary of the university, the president publicly acknowledges his appreciation and gratitude, as do

to carry out the idea that all shall be worthy.

We fear we are dividing our education up into such little dribbets that we will lose sight of the main purpose after all—a manly, intelligent boy, who loves the right and intends to do it.—Ohio State Journal.

Education.

The idea of contriving a school curriculum to respond to all the demands of practical or business life is not to be commended. Education is not reached through any such gadget holes. The true purpose of common school life is to get the youth accustomed to thinking, to create in him a desire for true knowledge, to fit him out with a moral incentive, and thus send him out for the mission that lies nearest his life. What that will be no one can say. Preparing a boy for some chute makes a small matter of him.

Education is a big thing—as deep as the foundations of the earth and as wide as the skies, and to make it up into little trinkets to pick for meat and muslin is a great mistake. There is the divine energy down in the soul of the boy to be unfolded, and not to be plucked back into some of the little broad-winning devices. There will be boys enough for all the places, and if one gets in, another will be shut out, so what is the use of worrying, except

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